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HANGING CHOICE.

SIR—In the story of "Charley Flinn," in the 68th Number of the Second Volume of the Dublin Penny Journal, scenes are accurately described with which I am well acquainted. Above "the picturesque little town of Newtown Stewart," nearly half way up the mountain of Bessy Bell, are the remains of an old castle, which I first visited on a fine evening in summer, when the mists, stealing along the valley, began to obscure the landscape beneath. The peasant boy that accompanied me related that the castle was built by Harri Ouri, a great king of Ulster, who ruled his subjects with a rod of iron, and so maintained his royal dignity, that none of his dependents in that vicinage dared breakfast before the sounding of a horn from the castle announced the monarch had finished his morning meal. My guide also informed me, that Harri Ouri had a sister with a pig's face, who fed from a silver trough, and pointed to some scratches at the summit of the tower, that he said were formerly designed to represent the profile of the Princess Ouri. Her royal brother was anxious to have her married, and many suitors eager for the alliance presented themselves. Harri Ouri always stipulated that the person who refused to marry her when he saw her should be hanged instantly before the castle. Numbers had been thus executed, and at last no more came to press their suit, till one day a fine-looking youth arrived at the castle, whose appearance found favour with the dreaded chieftain. The stranger offered to marry the lady; accordingly he was introduced to the pig-faced princess—but at the sight he called out in Irish, "*Cur suas me*," (Anglice, hang me.) "No, no!" exclaimed Harri Ouri, "enough have been hanged for her, and she shall now be hanged up herself"—which was carried into effect. As I roamed round the remains of this castle, I heard a low grunting sound, and asked the peasant what it was? He replied, "perhaps herself," half smiling; but turning pale as the noise became louder, "Oh! the pigs—the pigs!" he shouted, as running down the hill he sprang over the low stone wall that separated the field in which the castle stood from the road. As I did not wish an interview with pig-face, I followed him, nor did we cease running till we had got to some distance, when I became ashamed of my terror. However, as the neighbourhood was very lonely, I considered it was fortunate that the false alarm had sent me scampering before the dusk had increased. A few days afterwards a private still was discovered in the vaults of the castle, which accounted for the noise.

AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

Frederick the third king of Prussia, commonly styled Frederick the Great—said that the English fought for liberty, the French for glory, the Germans for pay; but that the Irish were the only people he knew that fought for fun. This monarch was one day riding in the neighbourhood of Potsdam, when he met a fine looking country girl, remarkably tall, that he thought would be a suitable wife for one of the tallest soldiers in his favorite regiment of Grenadiers. He asked the girl where she was going, and every question that was necessary for the furtherance of his project, and finally demanded would she take a note from him to the Captain of the Guard at Potsdam, where she was going—the girl readily agreed to do so, not knowing that it was the king with whom she had been conversing; on reaching Potsdam, however, she found that she had too many private affairs to transact to deliver the note in person, as she had been directed; and meeting with an old woman of her acquaintance, she asked her to give the note to the captain of the guard. The old lady consented; she accordingly presented it to him; he opened it, read it, was surprised, but thought not of disobedience to the peremptory mandate; he detained the messenger—sent for the soldier, whose grief was immoderate at hearing he was forthwith to espouse the bearer of the note.

EPILOGUE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Stranger, here lies a woman who
Quarrell'd and stormed her whole life through—
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.

EXTRAORDINARY FACT.

About the close of the last century, a gentleman who was superintending the digging out of his potatoes in the county of Antrim, was surprised to see some sailors who had entered the field, in conversation with his labourers, who only spoke Irish. He went to them, and learned that the sailors were from Tunis, and that the vessel to which they belonged had put into port from stress of weather. The sailors and country people understood each other; the former speaking the language spoken at Tunis—and the latter speaking Irish. This anecdote was related by a person of credit, and must interest the Irish scholar.

Cuttings of Russia leather laid in a chest amongst clothes are an infallible preservative against moths.

LAMENT OF MORIAN SHEHONE FOR MISS MARY BOURKE.

TRANSLATION OF AN IRISH KEEN.

There's darkness in thy dwelling place and silence reigns above
And Mary's voice is heard no more like the soft voice of love
Yes, thou art gone, my Mary dear—and Morian Shehone
Is left to sing his song of woe, and wail for thee alone.
Oh! snow white were thy virtues, the beautiful, the young,
The ag'd with pleasure bent to hear the music of thy tongue
The young with rapture gazed on thee, and their hearts in
love were bound;
For thou wert brighter than the sun that shed its light around.
My soul is dark! Oh! Mary dear! thy sun of beauty's set:
The sorrowful are dumb for thee, and the grieved their tears
forget;
And I am left to pour my woe above thy grave alone—
For dear wert thou to the fond heart of Morian Shehone.

Fast flowing tears above the grave of the rich man are shed,
But they are dried when the cold stone shuts in his narrow
bed:
Not so with my heart's faithful love—the dark grave cannot
hide
From Morian's eyes the form of grace of loveliness and
pride.
Thou did'st not fall like the sear leaf, when Autumn's chill
winds blow—
'Twas a tempest and a storm blast that laid my Mary low.
Had'st thou not friends that loved thee well—had'st thou
not garments rare—
Wert thou not happy Mary, wert thou not young and fair?
Then why should the dread spoiler come my heart's peace to
destroy,
Or the grim tyrant tear from me my all of earthly joy?
And am I left to pour my woes above thy grave alone?
Thou idol of the faithful heart of Morian Shehone.

Sweet were thy looks, and sweet thy smiles, and kind wert
thou to all;
The withering scowl of envy dare not on thy fortunes fall;
For thee thy friends lament and mourn, and never cease to
weep:
Oh! that their lamentations could awake thee from thy
sleep—
Oh, that thy peerless form again could meet my loving clasp—
Oh, that the cold damp hand of Death could loose his iron
grasp:
Yet, when the valley's daughters meet beneath the elm tree,
And talk of Mary as a dream that never more shall be;
Then may thy spirit float around like music in the air,
And pour upon their virgin souls, a blessing and a prayer.
And am I left to pour my wail above thy grave alone—
Thus sinks in silence the lament of Morian Shehone.

J. L. L.

The above is a translation from an Irish *keen*, of which Mr. Crofton Croker has given a literal one.

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